

## Isolation Escapism

### Chapter 7

My second phone rumbled on my desk. A moment later, I was replying to my sister's message. Her talking about something she and her friends had done as teenagers, me asking and genuinely curious about it. For as close as our family was, I really didn't know all that much about my sister really. I'd had no idea she used to sneak out of school to go to the beach with friends, or that she'd flirted her way out of trouble with a police officer.

Being 'Chad', I got to see a side to Kaley I hadn't known existed before. The side she never showed her family.

It was oddly satisfying to see the excitement in her words. The eagerness with which she shared her stories – as if she'd been dying to relive those events. While she hadn't been the wildest teen, she'd certainly had her moments. And being trapped at home thanks to the pandemic for so long – it was as if she was living through those memories as she spoke to 'Chad'. Reminiscing over the 'good old times'.

I made up some stories of my own. Chad's adventures through school and college – in Kaley's mind, her 'boyfriend' was a few years older than her. Some of the stories were based on things I'd actually done or experienced, others were complete fabrication.

She told me about the time she'd shoplifted a bra, about how she'd considered it an act of rebellion against the evil underwear manufacturers who charged so much more for larger-sized bras. I told her the true story of a sleepover I'd had in which me and my friends had almost set the house on fire. She confessed that she'd once kissed her best friend's brother at a party. I lied and told her that I – Chad – had once finger-blasted a friend's mother.

It was more than stories too. We talked about music, about politics, we chatted about the future and her dreams. Over several weeks, we talked about anything and everything that came to mind.

If I was completely honest, I got to know my sister better in those weeks than I'd ever known any of my real girlfriends. Hours flew by as we messaged each other, days seemed to evaporate away without either of us noticing. And, with every day that went by, I got another chance to hypnotise Kaley. Another opportunity to make 'Chad' all the more real to her.

Then it happened.

The day that changed everything. The conversation that let me know she was ready for the next step in my plan.

It started simply enough. Kaley asking what I was wearing.

'Cargo pants and a t-shirt,' I replied.

'Can I see?' My sister asked.

Not the first time she'd wanted pictures. But I'd known that'd be a thing when I started this, had set it up so that I'd always have an excuse not to share. And, using hypnosis, I'd made sure Kaley wouldn't be hurt or annoyed by the refusals.

'Can't right now,' I sent back. 'Family's here.'

'Ugh,' Kaley replied a few seconds later. 'Tell them to fuck off.'

'Would if I could!'

My sister didn't reply to that. I stared at my phone screen for several minutes, waiting for her next message. And, when I couldn't wait any longer, I messaged her again.

'What about you? What're you wearing?'

'Not much,' my sister replied with a wink emoji a moment later.

'Show me.'

It was impulsive. My cock thinking, not my brain. I sent the message, stared at my phone, waited – a sense of dread growing with every second that Kaley didn't respond.

Was she ready? Had I overstepped?

Two minutes later, I got my answer.

A new message. A picture.

My sister, smiling at the camera with a faint blush in her cheeks. Wearing a cute, green bra that hugged her chest beautifully.

"He's been gone so long," I said softly. "Flying all around the world while you're stuck at home, unable to leave. If not for the pictures you have, you'd have probably begun forgetting what he looks like. If not for the phone-calls, you'd have probably forgotten what his voice sounds like."

A stretch, sure, but not a huge one. It was the kind of thought that I wanted Mom to be having when she was alone, laying in a two-person bed all by herself.

"You have needs," I continued. "Needs that you can't fulfil. The kind of needs that only a husband can help you with."

That got a reaction out of her. Eyebrows twitching, lips pursing.

Her son was talking to her about her sexual needs. Red flag.

I smiled, continued speaking.

"He has those needs too."

Just a few words that completely changed the course of my mother's subconscious thoughts. Instead of me being a focus, Mom's attention was solely on her husband now. A husband surrounded by beautiful flight attendants, who had needs of his own that she wasn't fulfilling. It'd been months since they'd seen each other in person. Nearing a year, now.

How much did Mom trust Dad not to stray? How certain was she that he wouldn't find himself in another woman's bed?

"Men have needs," I stated. "Women have needs. When those needs aren't met, stress builds. You've felt it building inside you. That stress. That tension. Ever-growing, with no way to release it."

When Mom's facial features started shifting too much – a sure sigh that the trance was fading – I calmed her. Soothed her. Spoke soft words, guided her back into a blissful, thoughtless state of consciousness.

"Do you ever wish you could let go?" I asked her once she'd calmed back down. "Do you ever wish didn't have to worry about anything?"

"Yes," my mother breathed.

"Imagine it," I told her. "Having the ability to forget anything you wanted. To not have to worry about it or think about it ever again. Imagine how *freeing* that would be."

I gave her a moment before continuing.

"A few weeks ago," I said, "you kissed me."

Mom's eyebrows narrowed, her mind trying to remember the suppressed memory. It was there, deep in her subconscious. Vague and uncertain.

"It was an accident, harmless. But you wanted to forget it, and so I helped you to. I took that memory and I buried it deep down where it'll never bother you again. Just a simple accident that you never need to think or worry about again."

Her face slowly began relaxing.

"But I couldn't do that if you didn't want me to," I told her. "That's not how hypnosis works. I can't just bury any memory or event I want. *You* have to want to forget. *You* have to choose to get rid of it. And *you* can choose to forget anything you want, with my help."

I hesitated then. Debated if this was the right thing to do.

It lasted only a moment – my hesitation.

Then it was gone.

"I can help you with your release," I said. "That building stress, the lack of intimacy, the *needs* you have. I can remove them for you – make you forget them. I can *free* you from them. But, to do that, I need your cooperation. I need you to *choose* to let go, to stop

caring. Can you do that for me, Mom? Will you let me help you?"

Her mouth opened.

"I..." She breathed, eyebrows narrowed. She almost looked like she was in pain. "I don't know."

"That's okay," I told her. "You don't have to decide right now. In fact, right now, the only thing I need you to be thinking about is today's illusion. Do you remember? Us sitting around a campfire together."

"Yes," Mom answered.

"Picture it for me," I said. "That campfire under the starlight. Me and you and Kaley, Dad sleeping in one of the tents..."

"Prom is just a few days away," I said, sitting on the edge of my sister's bed. "Have you ordered a dress yet?"

"Yes," Kaley mumbled.

"Finally, it's here. Your chance to make some wonderful memories with Chad. It's going to be a night you'll remember forever. You must be nervous, huh?"

"Yeah," my sister answered softly.

"It'll be okay. You're going to have an amazing time. Prom night is special, after all. Have you thought much about what you're going to do when the dancing ends?"

"Yes," Kaley said, cheeks turning pink.

"Looking forward to it?"

"Yes," she repeated.

"You sent Chad a picture yesterday."

No reaction to the words, save for a brighter blush. For whatever reason, she was a lot more open and less likely to find issue with these trances than Mom was. Perhaps, on some deep-down level, Kaley was totally okay with the idea of being flirty and sexual with me – it'd explain her amazing progress with 'Chad'.

"Doing something like that – something that naughty – it made you feel good, didn't it?"

"Yes," my sister admitted in a whisper.

"It's been a long time since you've felt like that. Too long. Sending that picture to him, it probably made you feel alive again."

More blushing.

"There's nothing wrong with being naughty, not with your boyfriend. Chad *is* your boyfriend, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"It's normal to send your boyfriend lewd photos," I said.

Why did my sister have to be so beautiful? Even now, I couldn't get the image of her bra-clad chest out of my head, her blushing smile and smooth skin.

"And," I added, "it's normal to send your boyfriend nudes."

Before ending the trance, I remembered something Mom had said to me back when I'd been 'Chad'. Something about a box under my sister's bed – and my sister's reaction to my mother's words. I asked my sister about it, that box. Tried to get her to tell me what it was, and what was in it. But, surprisingly, Kaley resisted. She didn't want to tell me.

So, I woke her from the trance and sent her downstairs instead.

Mom was already waiting in the living room, sitting on the floor in front of a space heater. When Kaley took a seat next to her, I raised my hand and snapped my fingers. And, just like that, the illusion took hold. A starry night, a forest clearing, a campfire to keep them warm.

I let the illusion play out for a few minutes, then told my mother and sister I needed to go take a leak. Rising to my feet, I walked away from the 'campfire' and headed upstairs

to my sister's room.

A mysterious box under her bed that embarrassed Kaley?

I just *had* to know what was in it.

It didn't take long to find. As soon as I shoved my head under the bed-frame, I saw the blue box Mom had mentioned. Plastic, about the size of a shoe box. Not wasting any time – didn't want Mom and Kaley to start wondering why peeing in some forest bushes was taking me so long – I slid the box out from under the bed, opened it up.

My eyes widened, and my cock instantly stood to attention.

A 'collection' indeed.

I counted six dildos, two butt-plugs, and something that looked like a pink, plastic egg. And, right there in the corner of the box, a bottle of lube.

I knelt there stunned for a few moments.

How hadn't I known about *this* before?

My sister had a small collection of sex toys.

It was both a tiny, insignificant discovery and, at the same time, *huge*. Did it affect my plans at all, or change anything about what I was planning on doing? No. Not even slightly. Did it change how I saw my sister? Not at all.

And yet, knowing that she had this many toys – know that she had butt plugs and dildos of various shapes and sizes – it was like a crashing wave of hope and excitement had thundered over me. Like someone had injected me with a dose of adrenaline.

Kaley had a *kinky* side.

She *liked* masturbating. She liked butt-stuff. She enjoyed sex enough that she'd gone out of her way to start a dildo collection!

I'd been with my fair share of girls. Nervous ones who didn't have the confidence to try anything but 'missionary in the dark', boring ones who were barely even interested in sex at all, annoying ones that'd always made me *work* for it – treating their vaginas as some kind of special reward.

But a girl who straight up enjoyed taking dick? Who'd be down for some backdoor penetration?

Now *that* was an exciting prospect.

My sister was kinkier and more perverted than I'd given her credit for. A box of dildos might not have seemed like much, but to me it was a beacon of light shining on my sister's slutty dark side.

I shoved the box back under the bed where I'd found it, glanced at Kaley's wardrobe.

Would I discover more about my sister's kinky side in there? More toys, or naughty lingerie, or something else entirely?

I shook my head.

I'd been gone too long already. I needed to get back downstairs, return to the 'campfire' and keep the illusion alive.

Another time.

I was waiting downstairs, checking my phone – my main one – every few minutes. A delivery on the way, just a few stops away.

By the time it arrived, I was on my feet pacing.

The doorbell rang, and within seconds I was opening the door and accepting the packaged from the delivery guy. No need to sign for anything, no greeting or goodbyes – just two packages dumped in my arms and job done.

As the driver walked away, back to his van, I shut the door.

Both packages were soft. Clothes contained in plastic, no cardboard involved. One addressed to me, one to my sister.

The temptation to take both up to my room, open my sister's up and get a good look

at her prom dress, was strong. So strong that it took actual willpower to stop myself. Much as I was eager to see what my sister had ordered, I knew it'd be so much better if the first time I saw it, it was on Kaley's sexy body.

Before I could second-guess myself or cave to temptation, I took my sister's package up to her room, knocked on her door and handed it to her.

Then I headed to my room, and opened up *my* package.

Not as expensive as my sister's prom dress, I was certain. A cheap black tuxedo with a bow-tie. Decent enough that Kaley wouldn't think twice about it, but I was hardly going to break bank on something I'd only wear for one evening.

Just as I was moving to try it on, my second phone vibrated.

A message from my sister, letting her boyfriend know that her prom dress had arrived.

I sent her a message back, asking if I could see her in it. Predictably, she said no. Prom was, in a way, almost like a pseudo wedding – boyfriend can't see girlfriend's dress until the event, and the night ends with a ceremonial fuck-a-thon. Kaley wanted to keep that aspect of the night in place. But not seeing her in the dress right now was fine. Preferable, even.

'Trying it on?' I asked her.

'About to,' she replied.

It was the perfect opportunity.

I sent her another message. One stating that, since I couldn't see her in her dress yet, she might as well send me a picture of her *out* of her dress.

There was a few moments pause. My sister debating her next move.

'Fine,' she said at last. 'But you can't show anyone.'

I promised not to. Waited.

My heart thumped loudly in my ear as the seconds ticked by. First, I was eager and elated. Then, as no nude picture of my sister came, I began to doubt. Then worry.

What if I'd jumped the shark? What if I'd asked too much, too soon, and my sister had broken through the spell I'd put on her? What if she *knew* who Chad was? What if she'd realised what I was doing?

I glanced at the time of her last message.

Two minutes.

Three minutes.

I stood up, began pacing in my room. Pushing down all the fears and paranoia. Three minutes was nothing. She was probably just posing, taking multiple photos and choosing which one to send. No need for me to panic just yet.

Four minutes.

No need to panic. Everything was fine...

Five minutes.

Six.

Seven.

I stopped pacing, felt my stomach churn, my gut twist. What the hell was taking her so long? Had she *actually* snapped out of her hypnotic programming and realised the truth? Did she *know*?

Eight minutes.

Nine.

Ten.

Eleven.

I was about ready to leave my room, go check on my sister to make sure she hadn't died or something, when my second phone vibrated again.

My hand was on it in a heartbeat, staring at the screen to see what my sister had sent me.

'Sorry,' her message read. 'Was just seeing if the dress fits.'  
I let out a deep, relieved sigh.  
Then the phone vibrated again. A new message.  
This time, it *was* a picture.  
A *nude* picture.